

Only If For a Night by Harmonia Bloom

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Summary: Two years after Eleven's disappearance, the girl reappears by the Wheeler's door. She was his, and he was hers - only if for a night. Short-fic. Smut Translation of "Apenas por essa Noite".

Only If For a Night

disclaimer: I don't speak English as a native, so I'm sorry if you guys find some grammar mistakes. hope you enjoy it! 3

- Harmonia B.

only if for a night

"I have to go, Mike", Eleven said, breathing deep. "Time to go back".

Mike's eyes were soaked wet. He was sit on that moist basement floor; the rain hitting hard and threatening by the window. His parents weren't at home – it was one of that lazy lonely weekends when Mike could enjoy his fifteen-year-old freedom while his older sister, Nancy, spent some time smooking with Jonathan, Will Byers' brother.

Two years. Two years without Eleven. He had counted, a straight line on the wall drawned every single day without her. And then, at the end of that spring, she was there. Thin, her hair was curled up by the shoulders. Her face was pale, big dark circles under her eyes. Mike didn't know how that happened, but she was there, soaking wet to the bones, like the very first time they've met, but know scared by the Wheeler's back door. He didn't say anything; she neither. Mike helped her to clean, washing her hair while she cried in the bathtube, and then giving her some warm and cozy clothes that Nancy didn't wear. He made her something to eat, and, as in trance, only watched her while listening her chewing a sandwich.

"El, don't-", Mike stuttered. The boy didn't know exactly how top put that into words. Two years, for God's sake, how could she just leave after some few hours?! "What about the guys? Dustin, Lucas... They'll really happy to see you. And Joyce... Everybody miss you so much, El, please...". Those tears didn't cease. Eleven didn't appeared to be willing to change her opinion. She was just looking at him with swollen eyes, leaning by the wall.

"Mike... Danger. I have to go", she hissed. In a flash of despair, Mike

got up and hold her tight.

"Tonight. Stay tonight. Only if for a night, please".

Eleven took some time to understand what he was saying. Slowly, she answered Mike's hug, sinking her face into his thick dark hair. "Tonight".

Like they were in a silent pact, almost as they already knew what they had to do, Mike, his face flushed and wet, kissed Eleven hands and guided her to his bedroom. The rain was still there. Hawkins was dark and cold, almost as if it could swallow the teenagers in an endless despair.

They lay down, face to face, on Mike's bachelor bed. No words.

As if they had rehearsed, they slowly pressed their lips together, feeling the heat emanating from one to the other. Eleven's hands flashed across Mike's face and they slowly stepped into the boy's shirt. She felt his chest warm, heart pounding. Almost instinctively, she took Mike's hand into her shirt. Eleven was wearing only Nancy's clothes, which gave Mike the opportunity to feel her soft skin. Drawing her breast, Mike slowly accelerated the tone of the kiss. In a few seconds, Eleven was over Mike.

Almost in a trance. Only that could explain what happened next.

In a moment they were both undressed. Mike, in a swift movement, laid the girl under his body, tracing light kisses down her neck, passing El's small breasts, feeling the sting that the way to the top of her thighs emanated. Eleven gasped for a moment. She had no idea what was happening, but she trusted Mike. He'd learned something with two girlfriends he'd had, that weren't very important to a boy who was getting used to puberty, but that... That was different. It was instinctive. Being with El was absolutely instinctive.

He felt the warm skin on the inside of Eleven's thighs with his lips. A slight moan escaped the girl's throat. Carefully, Mike's tongue played with Eleven's clit. Her back arched - she had already felt it, but not like that. Intensity. Mike could not rationalize that even if he tried. Two years, and there she was, completely naked, her thighs around

his head, gasping as if she was afraid of making some noise.

Instinctive. A finger slipped inside her. Another soft moan.

"Mike..." Eleven's voice went weak. "You can... You know."

He knew.

That wasn't wrong, it would never be wrong. It was as if those two years - two years of nightmares, of traumas, of an absurdly wrong idea about what it could be to live - were just a preparation for that moment. No, not the sex itself. This was purely biological. But the feeling - fuck, that feeling. She was his, he was hers. And nothing else mattered on that rainy night.

The boy removed a small, shiny package from the dresser. He opened it unhurriedly, withdrew his contents and carefully placed the condom. Eleven raised his eyebrows but didn't ask anything. She just smiled at Mike, who was instantly on top of her.

Gently, Mike penetrated her. He felt Eleven's body wince, probably in pain, and he paused for a second, trying, as he could, to help her feel pleasure. However, Eleven pulled Mike's back to meet his body, as if she wanted more. He began to move his hips, slowly, to avoid hurting her, and he felt Eleven's warm breath murmuring something in his ear.

"I love you, Mike," she almost cried. It was pain, but not from the act. It was pain of departure, farewell. And Mike knew that very well.

They both gasped for joy a few moments later. Clumsily, Mike stepped out of her. He noticed that the girl's thighs were bloody; nothing too serious, but enough for Mike to invite her to take another bath.

More silence.

When they finally lay down, Mike hugged her. Eleven felt Mike's slow breathing, his arm around the girl's body, and smiled in the dark when she heard him say, almost falling asleep, a timid "I love you too, El."

The next day Eleven was gone. In fact, Mike wondered for a while whether this had been a dream, or even an illusion - his mental health was not really well after that November, 1983. It was only when he found a small folded paper on top of the dresser that he knew it was *real*, feeling a mix of satisfaction and regret reading that clumsy writing.

"I'll come back. Wait for me"

- Eleven.